



Tarot



mystery

murder

172 7 12

Chapter 1 by Elena Lace

"Yes the cards will tell. Your past, your present, and your future as well."

The old lady shuffled the deck.

I had always been a skeptic, but this was my last chance to see if I was gonna live past tomorrow.

First Card: Past

"I see, grew up a happy child but then" the seer stopped

"a loss of all your family"

I nodded

Second Card: Present

"Friends have betrayed you, haven't they? Oh and now it seems you're dying."

I looked at the black serum that was flowing through my veins and nodded again.

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Finally the most important card

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Future:

"Ah, yes."

In a panic the blind seer stopped, put that last precious card in a locked box and whispered "Go out the back door, that friend of yours is here".

Looking up, I saw a shadow down the hallway.

Fear went down my spine.

"Thank you, but I NEED that card" I yelled back

She just stared, so I snatched the box, heart thumping and all.

Then sprinted for the door

.

Chapter 2 by R



I ran, tripping over my feet and the floor and all of the items in the shop, racing for the door. This wouldn't be the end. I wouldn't let it be the end.

The box, hastily grabbed and not fully locked spilled all over the pavement of the street. No. No no no no no. I had to figure out what the future held for me.

Only one card on the floor lay face up. It wasn't the one I was hoping for. I had done so many of these readings by myself, hoped so desperately a true fortune teller would draw me up a different fate.

It wasn't Death. If only it had been Death. That card would have brought tears of joy to my eye, not the best of fates but better than the one I had drawn for myself.

The Fifteenth Card, The Devil, stared back at me with yellow eyes. And then, with all of that pretense, it blinked.

The shadowy figure stood before me, but it was shadowy no longer. I knew that face better than

I knew my own, and her smile had once been something I had cherished. Now it was something I feared.

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My girlfriend, ex-girlfriend, and I had been together for years. But it was twisted with hate, so sharp and predatory.

"Nice to see you again." She said, pulling out the silver pocketwatch from her coat pocket. "Five minutes in, darling, and I have this nasty little feeling that I'm going to win."

Chapter 3 by nightmaredollalice



A chill went down my spine. Were we already five minutes in? I couldn't let her win!

Putting on the bravest face I could, I mimicked her disgusting smirk. "How can you be so sure? I think it'll go the other way around." I tried to muster the most threatening voice I could, but I doubt I seemed convincing.

She giggled her hideous giggle. Once, it was charming to me, but now, it made me sick to my stomach.

"We'll see, darling." Her voice wasn't any nicer to the ears.

She faded into shadow again, and when I was sure she was gone, I let my guard down again. No doubt, I was terrified. I had tried to play it cool, but would it help me any? I kicked a rock and mentally slapped myself. That was such a stupid idea! She's probably going to make my life worse. What was she going to do to me now?

Write a draft for chapter 4 of 8

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